

MOTHER REPEATS OLDER STORY OF CHANGED BABIES.

Insists Infant She Brought
Up Was Substituted
for Her Own.
ACCUSES WEALTHY MAN.
Says She Means to Devote Life
to Solving Mystery of
Stolen Boy.

"I intend to devote the remainder of my life looking for my little child, who was so cruelly kidnapped from me. I have spent a small fortune trying to find him, and now I am almost penniless. But my heart yearns for my boy. I must find him. Hardly a day passes that I do not walk up and down Broadway and Fifth avenue, hoping that I may get a glimpse of Robert."

Her voice shaking, and tears streaming down her cheeks, Mrs. Marie Hertz, living in two dingy little rooms at No. 108 Greenwich street, made this statement to an Evening World reporter to-day.

Although her husband declared the woman is suffering from a delusion, that her child is not lost, Mrs. Hertz appeared calm and collected, and told a straightforward story of her real or imagined wrongs.

Mrs. Hertz's strange narrative is of a sort that is seldom heard outside of the well-known delusions. She said: "I first to Magistrate Green in the Tombs Court, to an Evening World reporter to-day she said:

Woman's Strange Story.
"Before I married Mr. Hertz I was the wife of George Penster, who died five years ago. We lived in West Twenty-eighth street then and I had everything I wanted. We were very happy. Six years ago our little boy Robert was born. We engaged a woman by the name of Maggie Callahan to care for the child.

"On an afternoon in October, 1920, the nurse took the baby out in its carriage. I was waiting on the steps when she returned. When I bent over the carriage to kiss the child I was surprised and nearly cried to find a strange infant there.

"Maggie, this is not my child!" I cried as I looked at the strange infant. "My little Robert has blue eyes, while this one has brown eyes."

"Maggie seemed surprised, and told me I must be mistaken, for the baby was Robert Penster. But I knew that it was not my baby. A mother knows her own child, and I loved my baby with all my heart.

Had Left the Infant Alone.
"I was so excited that I grabbed the nurse by the arm and demanded to know what had become of Robert. Then she told me that she had gone to a drug store at Twenty-eighth street and Eighth avenue, where she met two young men whom she knew quite well. They had invited her into the store, to have some soda water, and she left the baby in the carriage outside. While she was drinking the soda one of the men left, and the other soon followed. Then she watched the baby alone. She thought that the men might have changed the babies while she was in the store.

"I discharged the girl and took the strange baby into my home. I treated him as I would my own.

"Knowing the notorious fact that would attend a case of this kind, I did not notify the police of the kidnapping, but engaged one of the best private detectives in New York to institute a search for the child, but their efforts were apparently of no avail. My husband died a short time after the appearance of Robert and I was forced to move to these horrible quarters. I had given over to the detective, but I married Otto Hertz shortly after I moved here. He has been good to me and has helped me to look for little Robert. Besides the adoption, I have another little child now."

Talks of a Millionaire.
Mrs. Hertz suddenly grew silent for a minute. Then rising from her chair she began pacing the floor, crying:
"But I think I know who has my little Robert. It is a man who lives in a beautiful house on Broadway, a man who has millions, while I have but a few pennies. I saw the little fellow on Fifth avenue once. He was riding in a carriage with a beautiful woman. I tried to catch the carriage, but it outdistanced me. I am sure it was my child."

The woman then began to weep hysterically and paced the floor. She said her nine-month-old baby in her arms.
"The doctor said that the child is the little fellow of eight years. He has big brown eyes and brown hair."

"Yes, I love him," she said. "Mrs. Hertz, putting her arms around him affectionately. "But I still long for the real little Robert."

Mrs. Hertz, the woman's husband, persists that his wife is laboring under a delusion.

**330 IMMIGRANTS
ON LINER AGROUND.**
Steamer Brooklyn, Bound Here,
Goes Ashore at St. Michael,
in the Azores.

PONTO DEL GADA, Azores Islands, Aug. 10.—The Zotti line steamer Brooklyn, from Marseilles Aug. 4, via St. Michael, Azores Islands, for New York, with 330 immigrants on board, grounded while entering the port to-day. Efforts are being made to float her, but they are meeting with great difficulty.

WIFE THWARTS SUICIDE.
Finds Husband Hanging in Time
to Save His Life.

(Special to The Evening World.)
MRS. EVELYN N. J. Aug. 10.—Mrs. Joseph E. Hertz, living near Manhattan, prevented her husband from committing suicide to-day. In the last sharp fit of a rope over a rafter, adjusted the pose about his neck, and stepped off a ladder. Mrs. Hertz found her husband in a precarious position. She held him up, loosened the rope, and ran for a physician, who revived the man.

Angles and Curves of Curb Brokers. As Ketten Sees Them in Hot Weather

